The Evening World.
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COMMUNITY RIGHTS.

IN THE great processes of reconstruction let the community also come into its rights.

When the Duesseldorf bourgeois struck, when the public officials, bankers, lawyers, doctors and school teachers "walked out," the "reds" found to their amaze that they were powerless to function alone. They promptly lowered their flag and came to terms.

So it should result wherever a part of a community seeks to enforce its special demands at the expense of other parts.

There is much in the British Premier's plain talk to labor in Great Britain that may be pondered with profit by labor in the United States.

Promising that the British Government will overlook none of the legitimate ways of aiding employment, pointing to an extensive housing programme already prepared, pledging careful and fair examination of all demands, Premier Lloyd George gives stern warning of what British labor may expect where a demand **"is pressed forward with a view not to obtaining fair conditions but with the ulterior motive to hold up the community * * * relying not on the justice of the claim but upon the force that is behind it":**

> **"I say in all solemnity on behalf of the Government that we are determined to fight Prussianism in the industrial world exactly as we fought it on the continent of Europe.**
>
> **"If all classes of the community are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices for the stability, security and freedom of industry, I am prepared to say, with full knowledge of the consequences, that no section of the community, however powerful, shall be allowed to hold up the whole nation."**

Here is strong assertion of community right as against the attempt of any class to grab and hold the advantages war has put in its way while it hands on to other classes its share of war burdens.

It is this community right upon which The Evening World has insisted in pointing out that organized labor in this country cannot justly use the strength of its position to keep wages at war levels where they can remain only at the expense of other American workers forced down to lower standards of living.

Least of all should the community have to suffer from militant methods by which one or several classes of labor set out to secure for themselves, at any cost or peril to others, exclusive hold on the gains of war—or even to better those gains.

Once give the community full realization of its rights and its power and it is on the way to becoming a mighty aid to economic justice.

AGAIN IN ERROR.

THROUGH his secretary, Police Commissioner Enright informs the New York newspapers and the New York public that "the Costigan case is closed."

The Commissioner is again in error.

The Costigan case is not closed. The harder Commissioner Enright tries to slam it shut—the more is the public convinced that it must be opened and opened wide. Suspicion has a stout foot in the door. The pressure from inside may be powerful but the people of this city have not turned over their police force to an administration privileged to act through a star chamber, with the padlocks on whenever the public comes to ask questions.

Acting Mayor Moran refuses the request of the Citizens' Union for a public investigation of the circumstances surrounding the demotion of Inspector Costigan. From Palm Beach come jellied words of the Mayor confirming the full authority of the man he put in charge of the Police Department. Mayor Hylan is about as likely to heed the request of the Citizens' Union as he is to be out when Mr. Hearst calls for a "heart to heart" over the purification of politics and what not in dear old New York.

But Albany is still on the Hudson and Gov. Smith is at Albany. If municipal government in this city has sunk too low to yield results toward an investigation of the Costigan case, then let the initiative come from Albany and let it come strong.

In dealing with gambling and vice, wherein did the Costigan policy conflict with the Enright policy?

If Commissioner Enright thinks he has shut the door on that question he is mightily mistaken. It will hunt him upstairs and down before it has done with him.

Letters From the People

"Charity Begins at Home."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read the article in your column from a discharged soldier who was broke, and agree with him in every respect that charity begins at home. There is a lot of talk about getting money to build memorials for the boys who made the great sacrifice. It would be much better for them to let the memorials go until all these boys are supplied with civilian clothes, so that they can look for positions. I wonder if it was this country instead of Europe that was starving, would these give a helping hand as soon as we are. You bet they wouldn't; they would wait until their own needs were looked after first. And I think that it is a shame that those poor boys, who gave everything up to answer their country's call, are not looked after first before anything or anybody else. R. C.

"Liberty!"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your various articles on Prohibition have been read with much interest and sincere admiration.

Who are these low-down slackers that are trying to undermine America's ideal "Liberty?" Have not our grandfathers, forefathers, sons and sweethearts fought for it? And why, in the zenith of our crowning glory, should liberty be trampled on by some ignoramuses who cannot see any further than the end of their noses?

Must the people of the twentieth century stoop down, and go back to this narrow-minded and unsophisticated way of thinking? Surely the people have gone insane.

Any real American loves his freedom and his country, so why allow the immortal words, "Unity, Justice and Liberty" for all, to be stamped down by some sneaky, cringing high-brows who have had their fling and now want to be good?

F. M. C.

Suggests U. S. Use Civilian Sailors.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Civilian sailors are still looking for jobs, and yet any civilian ships of the United States that are selected to bring our troops back from France or England have our civilian sailors thrown out of them and navy crews put in their places. British ships come in nearly every day manned by British civilian sailors and carrying our troops. If British civilian sailors are good enough to bring our boys home, why aren't United States civilian sailors? It is the same way with French ships and French civilian crews carrying our troops. What is the matter with United States civilian crews that they are not allowed to do the work that the merchant marines of foreign countries are depended on to do? The navy is bringing back a few cargo ships each month, but it takes over ships for transports nearly every day and throws out the civilian crews.

G. M. D.

The Colors

By J. H. Cassel

The Worry of Gossip

By Sophie Irene Loeb

"What Will People Say?" Is a Phrase That Should Cause No More Sacrifices.

THE following letter came to me recently:

"I find myself in an awful predicament. I am a young lady, nineteen years old and the oldest girl in a family which lost the mother recently. My stepfather expects me to keep house for him, his son and my two half-sisters, although I could never agree with him while my mother was with us. I wouldn't do it for him under any circumstances, but I am thinking of my mother's children, one of whom is seven years old and the other four.

"When I see them fed, clean and well cared for I am satisfied, no matter what the sacrifice. I do not like to see them go to an asylum, because my conscience would always trouble me, and besides that I will be left all alone in the world. I have nobody to turn to, as I have no relatives here, but a world of strangers.

"The people I ask for advice discourage me and tell me not even to try, as we will never get along together.

"Some people say it will hurt my reputation, living under the same roof with him, and that people will gossip.

"Do you think this will be so? As this means a great deal to me, it being my one chance to see the children taken care of, will you kindly reply?"

I would say to this young woman that as long as she can keep that home together and wants to do it, as she says, that the rest does not matter.

Many people have worried their souls out and suffered endless sacrifices for that old buggy-boo gossip.

I should like to see the term "what people will say" changed to "what my conscience will say."

If everybody would act on that and abide by that decision of conscience, the world would be a much better place in which to live, and the individual would be much happier. It is this constant apprehensive feeling of what somebody else will think that has caused more secret misery in the world than could ever be estimated.

I know of a young woman who had a school chum. The school chum married, and this girl was, naturally, often in her home. After a few years the chum died, leaving several small children.

The husband waited three years and then asked the girl friend of his wife to marry him, as they were both very fond of each other and she adored the children.

But for fear the people "would talk," and that they might say "unkind things about her" the girl refused to marry the man. It certainly was a narrow view for her to take. The man's home was broken up, the children boarded out, and everybody concerned was made miserable, accordingly.

Now how much compensation did the girl get from the knowledge that the public did not disapprove of her?

How much better to have had the love and protection of one man than the approval of the neighbors. What have they given her in comparison?

The truth is they nod pityingly about her and call her "the old maid."

I know a young woman who bore the most brutal treatment as a result of a foolish marriage. In fact, she even went so far as to be the breadwinner of the two by doing some sewing by mail—all so that the people around her would not know her plight.

This kept on until her family learned of the true state of affairs, came to her rescue, and demanded that her youth should not be entirely gone in this mistaken union.

The fear of what people would say was the one thing that held her in actual slavery, and yet after a few years, when this woman was free and she found a real mate, she wanted all her friends to know what a terrible thing it was to live under the yoke of "what people will say."

A very safe doctrine is to listen to the "still small voice."

A STARTER.

"THIS new manager may be all right, but I dunno."

"What's worrying you?" asked the senior partner.

"I don't like the way he started off. You know the factory is in a muddle."

"Well?"

"I asked him what was the first thing to be done and he said to get a red velvet rug for his office."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

Some Side-Lights on Her Opinions of the Modern Man and Why He Falls Short or Comes Up to the Exacting Standards of Matrimony

IF there were no such thing as so-called "romantic love" between them to cause them jealousy, suspicion and ennui, what good friends husbands and wives could be!

Strange that a woman will go through the tortures of the inquisition in order to make herself attractive to man, considering how much MORE attractive than man the Lord made her in the first place!

"Civilization" is the substitution of arbitration for war, of co-operation for competition, of eugenics for sentiment, and of divorce for flat-irons and arsenic.

Better be a strong man's "rib" than a weak man's "backbone." Somehow, the man who spends his life looking up to a superior wife always seems to acquire a "crick" in his self-respect.

A husband's love is not dead because he has come to regard the matutinal kiss just as part of the household routine; it has merely gone into a temporary state of coma.

So keen is a man's dramatic instinct that he can go down on his knees and swear eternal devotion to one woman while he is secretly wondering how he is going to get away in time to keep his engagement with another.

If a man chews violet pastilles it may be a sign of love or merely of vanity, but when he gets down to staple things like cloves, or peppermint, it's a sign that he is married.

The History of Verdun

VERDUN, battered into ruins by terrific bombardments and devastated by fires, has had a long and illustrious history. Its civilian population, scattered far and wide, will celebrate to-day the fete of the town's patron, St. Paul of Verdun, a seventh century Bishop, who had his seat in the ancient city.

Verdun was the Verodunum of the ancient Romans, and it was a camp for the legions of Julius Caesar. It was acquired by the Franks in the sixth century, and by the Treaty of 843 it formed part of the dominions of Lothaire. In the tenth century Verdun was definitely conquered by Germany, incorporated in the empire and placed under the temporal authority of the Bishops. In 1553 Henry II. of France took possession of Verdun and the surrounding country, and it was formally ceded to France in 1648. During the French revolution Verdun opened its gates to the Prussians, the commandant, Gen. Beaurepaire, having committed suicide before its surrender. Fourteen girls of Verdun greeted the King of Prussia with acclamation, strewing flowers in his path, and these misguided females were arrested by order of the revolutionary committee, or government, in Paris, tried, convicted and executed. Verdun again fell before the Germans during the Franco-Prussian War when, after a brave defense, the garrison of 4,000 surrendered. It was the last place held by the Germans, and was not evacuated by the Teuton troops until the autumn of 1873. When the Germans again attacked Verdun in 1916 France declared, "They shall not pass," and they did not.

How Great Wars Were Ended

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 37—THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, Saxon King of England, was dead. He had no children. Three men claimed the crown he had left. One of these was a fair-haired giant named Harold—a Saxon Earl and the idol of the people. The second was a Norwegian Viking chief named Hardrada. The third was a dark-browed and conscienceless military genius, William, Duke of Normandy, known to fame as "William the Conqueror."

Harold claimed the crown because Edward had bequeathed it to him and because England's rough Saxon population wanted him for their ruler. Hardrada claimed it by virtue of an alleged compact. William declared Edward had promised the throne to him.

Harold had been shipwrecked on the coast of Normandy some time earlier and had been captured by William, who had made him swear on the Holy Relics to support William's claim to the English throne when King Edward should die.

Harold took the oath and was allowed to go back to England, where he promptly repudiated his vow. Then in January, 1066, Edward died. Harold was proclaimed King. Hardrada and William at once put in their demands for the throne. Harold refused to listen to them, and both rivals made ready to enforce their claims by right of arms.

Harold Is Proclaimed King.

All through the summer of 1066 Hardrada mustered his Norse hordes. All summer William, the Norman, mustered his knights and serfs for the invasion. All summer Harold made ready to repel his foes.

With 200 war galleys and all the best fighting men in Norway Hardrada swooped down upon England in the early autumn. He landed in Yorkshire and prepared to march south. Harold did not give him time to do this. In a four-day forced march the Saxon King rushed his own army northward and met Hardrada at Stamford Bridge on Sept. 25, 1066.

In that battle Hardrada and his best nobles were killed and his invading army was destroyed. Harold won an overwhelming victory. But Harold had paid dearly for the triumph, for his army's absence in the north had allowed William to land his Norman army of 60,000, unopposed, in Sussex.

Without stopping for breath, Harold rushed his own battle-weary army southward to meet the new invader, who had intrenched himself at Hastings. And there, on Saturday, Oct. 14, 1066, was waged the battle which decided England's future and the future of the world.

Harold massed his Saxons on a hillslope, facing the plain beyond which lay the Norman army. He gave orders to his men to stand firm and not to be lured into pursuing the enemy down into the plain. On came the Norman host, chanting their Duke's French war cry. The Saxon ranks, on the hill, answered the chant with fierce, barking cries of "Out! Out! OUT!"

In three waves the Normans surged up the hill, their Duke at their head. Harold, in the forefront of his own host, fought like a wildcat, and the Saxon warriors followed his gallant example. So stoutly did they contest the ground that the Normans could make no headway against them, but fell back.

William Wins English Crown.

"From nine in the morning until three o'clock came," writes the old chronicler, Wace, "the battle was up and down, this way and that; and none knew who would conquer and rule the land."

At length, seeing that force would not serve him, William hit upon guile. He gave an order, and presently his army began to retreat, as if in confusion. This was too much for the Saxons. They broke their impenetrable formation and dashed down the hill pell-mell in pursuit—and into the Norman trap.

The rest was slaughter. Harold was slain and his army was shattered. William had won the battle, and with it the English crown.

Much has been written of the sad fate of the Saxons after Hastings. But that victory was the best thing that ever happened to England. Under Norman rule the sluggish Saxons were blended with the more up-to-date and cultured French. As a result of this blend and of Norman progress England swiftly rose from a fourth-rate power to a place among the great nations of the earth.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Mr. Dinkston Explains That Many Worms Will Turn Everywhere.

"I SAY," said Mr. Jarr, watching his good lady powdering her nose after dinner, "are you going anywhere to-night? You used to ask ME that, but since you have become such a favorite in social and Bolshevik-bohemian circles I ask YOU."

"Well, you needn't worry yourself," replied Mrs. Jarr calmly. "My home is good enough for me, and if you were at home as much as I am you wouldn't be asked the questions you repeat. As for your remarks about those disgusting Bolshevists, I can only remember one evening with the 'Boudoir Bolshevists,' and that was enough for me. Besides, I don't think I ever asked you, 'Are you going anywhere to-night?'"

"Yes, you did. Yes, you do!" retorted Mr. Jarr.

"I have asked you, 'Are you going to that Gus's place on the corner?'" replied Mrs. Jarr. "But that question was superfluous, for, of course, that's where you were going. Well, the saloons will have to shut down soon, thank goodness!"

"I wish everything would shut up," replied Mr. Jarr, ambiguously. "But I think you should stay home this evening, and I'll stay home if you will."

"All right," assented Mrs. Jarr. "And we'll have the same agreement every evening. Besides, I forgot to tell you that terrible tramp, Mr. Dinkston, called up on the telephone and wanted to know if you wanted some money—a whole lot of money.'

"But he doesn't owe me a whole lot of money," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, he isn't coming to pay you back anything he owes you, but he's got a scheme, he says, which will make us all rich."

"Did you ever notice," remarked Mr. Jarr, "that it is the people who have nothing, who never will have anything, who have schemes to make people rich?"

"Well, don't go to scoffing before you find out what Mr. Dinkston wants to see you about. He may be a tramp, but tramps often have brilliant ideas!"

"Sure, they do," assented Mr. Jarr. "So we must possess ourselves with patience till Mr. Dinkston comes with his brilliant idea to make us wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice."

They had not long to wait, because it was a quarter of 7, and the poet-philosopher and all-around champion of the English language, Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston, knew the Jarrs dined at 7.

He arrived at five minutes before the dinner hour. He carried just such a little pale blond manuscript case as everybody used to carry to Washington early in the war to do their bit and the Government a great deal.

After dinner the Jarrs assembled in the front room to hear Mr. Dinkston propound his get-rich-quick theory.

"My proposition has the charm of great simplicity," began Mr. Dinkston, taking the little blond manuscript case on his knee. "If you have wondered why Grecian simplicity, the nude, if I may so speak, endures in art, it is because art is eternal but fashion is ephemeral."

Seeing his listeners looked puzzled, Mr. Dinkston smiled indulgently.

"I will elucidate," continued Mr. Dinkston. "My great discovery is of the classic simplicity that endures! What does a second-hand auxiliary gas water heater cost?"

"We don't need any second-hand gas water heater," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Our hot water is supplied."

"Do not interrupt," said Mr. Dinkston, as he saw Mr. Jarr was also about to speak. "Listen! We can flee the wrath to come! The cost of two lengths of garden hose is also nominal!"

"What do we want with garden hose when we live in a flat and have no garden?" blurted Mr. Jarr.

"And a barrel, a good, sound barrel," Mr. Dinkston went on, unheeding the interruption. "Then we have everything for Dinkston's Home-Made Constitutional Amendment Defier. Remember how Thomas Moore sings in his beautiful poem 'Bendemeer's Stream:'

"'And the dew was distilled'"——

"Great Scott, man! Do you mean to tell me you have blue print plans to make illicit stills!" gasped Mr. Jarr.

"But what's the gas heater used for?" asked Mrs. Jarr, her curiosity aroused.

"The copper-tube coil in it will make the worm—it can be turned into a worm," explained Mr. Dinkston—"and if we have prohibition, many a worm will turn!"

But Mr. Jarr said this was all moonshine.